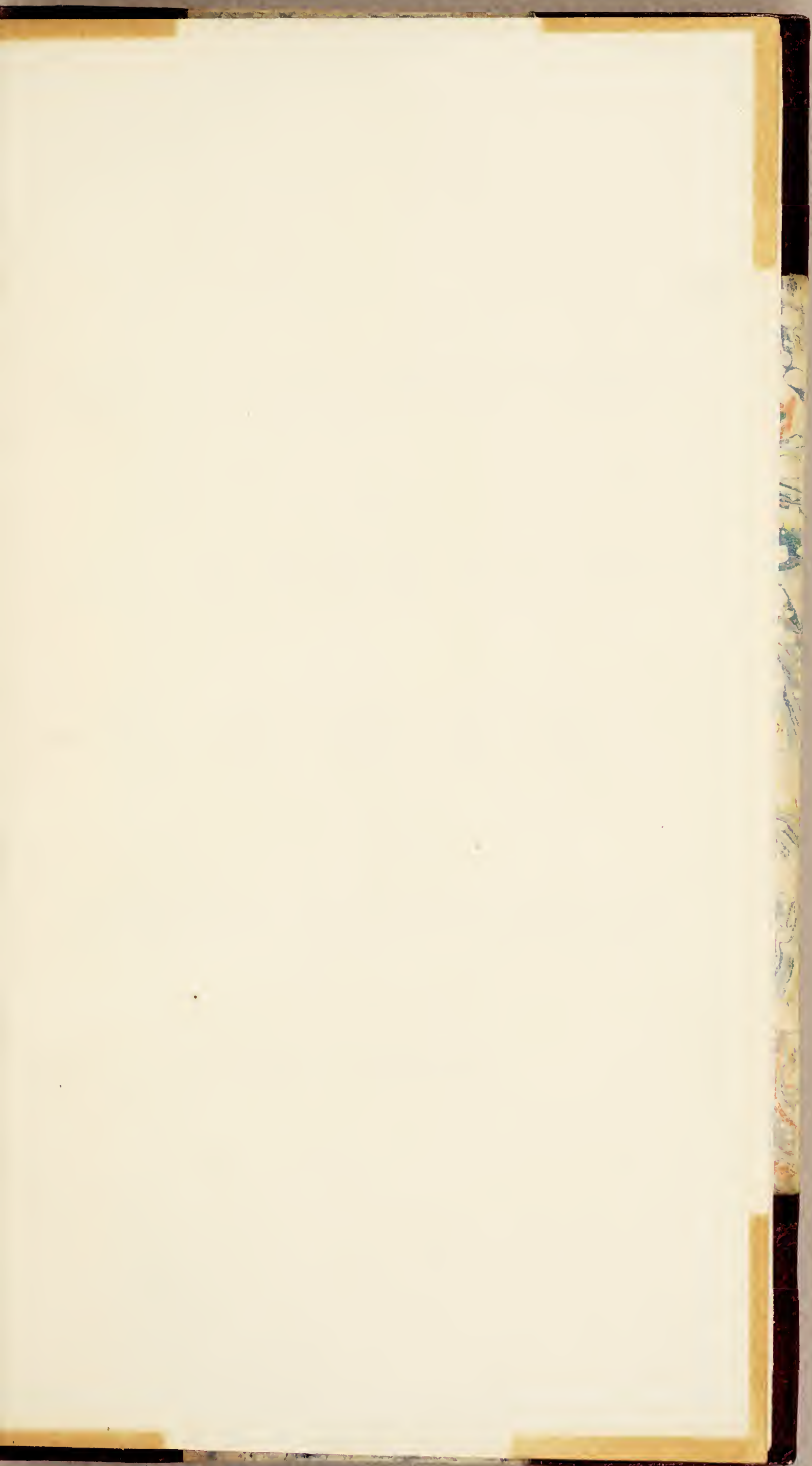




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Admiral VERNON's

GHOST.



[Price SIX-PENCE.]

1875

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RPJCB

Admiral V E R N O N's
G H O S T.

B E I N G

A Full, True, and Particular

A C C O U N T

A S H O W

A W A R L I K E A P P A R I T I O N
appeared last Week to the AUTHOR,

Clad *all* in Scarlet,

And Discourfed to him concerning

A Late NOTORIOUS SECRET EXPEDITION,

A N D O N

The PRESENT STATE of AFFAIRS.

Lift!—lift!—Oh lift!
HAMLET.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. BURNET, at Bishop BURNET's Head,
without *Temple-Bar*.

MDCCLVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following piece was planned and composed in less than nine hours, and read before a select audience, on a particular occasion, and at some certain persons particular request, with great applause ; but that such applause was not extorted by its intrinsic merit, the perusal of it will, I believe, evidently demonstrate.

Indeed I have since much wondered, how so unfinished a work could be well received, and can account for it no otherwise, but in the infinite superiority of the orator over the transcriber (for an author he does not pretend to be.)

But though, to alledge the brevity of time in which a work was written, may be allowable in an orator, especially if obliged to prepare it at a short limited time, yet it is no excuse for the transcriber to make to the public, who may justly demand on such an occasion, as honest *Montaigne* (I think it was) did. “Then why the
“d—I did not he take longer time to write it?”
The transcriber of this little piece therefore, will not endeavour any, as he has neither leisure nor
incli-

inclination for it. Such as it is, he submits it to the public perusal, and critics censure; but doubts not the judicious and candid, whom it is an honour to please, will consider the scope and tendency of his work, instead of turning *word-catchers on syllables*; and weigh the integrity of his design, against his feeble execution.

If it should be objected that the ghost's speech in some places is not matter of fact, or that it is too bold in others, he answers, that he inveighs only against vice and bad men in general; and therefore, if any one chuses to adopt such character, much good may it do him; nor indeed does he look upon himself, as responsible for what the ghost has said: for if a ghost, when favouring a mortal with a visit, will take it in his head to turn *satirist*, it is not the transcriber's fault, but the ghost's, and therefore the ghost only should be accountable for it.



VERNON'S GHOST.



CONVERSE with the dead is one of the most delightful, as well as instructive employments, that the human mind can be engaged in; and none but those who enjoy it, can taste or know its sweets. For my part, I had always an ardent desire for it, and so predominant was this passion, that I was never so happy as when gratifying it. All opportunities were taken by me to indulge it; and, if restrained by some unfurmountable affair, from my favourite business, it is impossible to describe the anxiety I was under, and the torture and uneasiness I suffered. To this insatiable thirst, this longing after knowledge, it is owing, that I have frequently forsook the fashionable trifling impertinents, to fly to my beloved dead. I have frequently left the solemn

solemn assembly of venerable old coxcombs, and noisy young ones, to mix with the hallowed deceased. Nay, to shew my invincible affection for the company of dumb, yet eloquent, dead yet living sages, I have even torn myself away from the arms of the *fair*, and abandoned the exquisite delight of hearing and seeing those enchanting fooleries, and delicious emptinesses, which that lovely sex so eminently possess. To speak as intelligible as I can of this *happy* frame of mind, and to convey the clearest idea of it to the minds of my readers, I must observe, that I have often forsook the company of a sprightly young fellow, to converse with an old-fashioned blade of yore. I have left a venerable old politician, a second *Lycurgus*, in his *own* opinion, to attend the entertaining discourse of a *young antient*. I have flown away from the controversial debates of mystical divines, to join with honest cocks, who have carolled the praises of wine. I have preferred an honest bard to a mitred bishop, a pennyless philosopher to a wealthy country 'squire, a ragged wit to a smart beau, an old *Grecian* to a young *Briton*, and a deformed *Fable-wright* * to a celebrated beauty. In short, I have ever laid down as maxims, and followed as precepts, these paradoxical, yet certain truths; that the

* *Æsop*.

living

living are but dead companions, and the dead living monitors ; the breathing triflers, dumb and insipid ideots, the living deceased, entertaining and instructive friends.

To indulge myself in this favourite employment, this laudable and innocent pleasure, I look upon as the most rational part I can possibly act ; and as my inclination so perfectly agrees with what I take to be my duty, it is no wonder that I should frequently be occupied in it. It would be too tedious to describe the innumerable visits of this kind I have lately paid, but as I was very elegantly entertained, in a very particular manner, last week, by some of my deceased friends, I shall now communicate it, especially as it led me to the sight of a very curious and marvellous *phenomenon*. The entertainment then, consisted in a feast of the most voluptuous kind with my friends, and as I devoured their mental food with the most craving appetite, and it proved exquisitely delicious, I cannot forbear mentioning it. For a mental voluptuarist, as I have been told, and if I am not mistaken, have sensibly felt, has as much pleasure in relating his elegant feasts, as the greatest corporeal epicure has in *his*. Nay, infinitely more ; for the pleasures of the former

still heighten by length of time, whereas the latter are merely momentary, and frequently attended with the most pernicious consequences. In relating a thing of this sort, I have the sanction of the greatest epicure in the world, the great Mr. Q—n himself, whose constant practice it is to describe his feasting with the greatest earnestness. This gentleman, to enjoy a more than usual delicious feast in the most delicious manner he can, will take physic two or three times, and totally abstain from all kind of food, except water-gruel and green tea, to enable himself to eat and drink the greater quantity of the *bold inviter's* good things. Some of my readers, I doubt not, will be apt to exclaim on this passage. *Credat Judæus Apella! non ego*; but I assure them it is strictly true. Nay more; once on a time, this great little man hearing a friend describe an excellent venison feast he had just been at, and being told that the earth, air, and ocean, had been ransacked for their respective choicest products, he was so transported at the thoughts of it, so greatly regretted his own *unhappiness* in not being there, yet so vastly desirous to enjoy the fumes of it, that he desired his friend to ———. Pardon me, gentle readers! the expression will fally the paper, and nauseate a puny stomach; yet, to convey some
idea

idea of Mr. Q—'s strange request to you, he desired his friend to convey the smell of the dainties he had been feeding on, in the best manner he could, and wide opened his mouth to receive the much wanted fragrance. The reason of my mentioning this curious anecdote is so obvious, that it will explain itself. I know, indeed, that ill precedents should not be followed, though set by crowned heads: but, as the entertainment I received was not of an offensive nature, but merely intellectual food, and what *Cicero* mentions of a great man's feast, "please the day after it is given," I apprehend it ought not to be under the restrictions in relating, of the grosser modern feasts, which are the delight of our *modern epicures*, who infinitely prefer these substantial ones to the other *unsubstantial* ones, as they term them. The gentlemen of this class unanimously agree, that

"While *English* gold from *France* its claret brings,
 "Drink those who like 'em of *Castalian* springs.
 "From *hell* or *Paris*, let a cook be found,
 "Can in a dinner sink *ten thousand* pound;
 "Waste flesh enough to victual out our navy,
 "An hundred hams for half a pint of gravy;
 "Let tongues of *carp*, and shallow *woodcock's*
 brains,
 "With cost collected, be disguis'd with pains;

“ Ravage the *earth*, the *ocean*, and the *air*,
 “ For all that most expensively is rare ;
 “ With such (their *lordships* cry) let folks but
 see us,
 “ And sup who will with *Dido* and *Æneas*.”

The day then which gave me so much pleasure, and occasioned the most extraordinary incident in my life, I spent with some of my best friends ; and it was in this wise. I rose early from my bed, and broke my fast with *Homer*, in a very elegant manner. I dined on the choicest products of art and nature with *Cicero*. And, after dinner, I took a walk to *Helicon*, and drank some of its purest liquors. I supped on the consolatory dishes of *Plutarch*, and after walking a turn or two in the *Milky Way*, I called upon my old friend *Horace*, and drank a large quantity of his best *Falernian* wine, *neat as imported*. But as he was too generous of it *, I must needs own,

* What is meant by this expression is, that *Horace* describes good eating and much drinking too frequently in his works ; as if we were born for no other purpose but to eat and drink.

See Lib. IV. Od. 2. Ad Virgilium.

Jam veris comites————
 ———Nardo *vina* merebere,

Lib. I. Od. 7. Ad Plancum.
 Mecum sæpe viri, nunc *Vino* pellite curas.

Epod. Od. 2. Beatus ille————
 Vel *Hædus* ereptus lupo.

that

that I swallowed too much, and as my head is the weakest *member* I have, it is no wonder, it should expel my senses.

After leaving my friend then, and in order to *sober me again*, I resolved to follow Mr. *Pope's* advice, by taking a large draught of *Pierian* liquor prepared by a modern hand. This may appear a strange method of bringing one's self to a state of sobriety, to those unacquainted with and unexperienced in it, but it is a very good one. I tried it, and it had the desired effect. My inebriation had quite left me; but as the sons of *Æsculapius* say, the driving out one disorder makes room for another, so I found myself so full of, and so wrapped up in my subject, that I could not for the life of me put it out of my head; nor indeed did I desire it. For who is there that is tired of thinking on our late glorious *Vernon*? For it was a poem on his noble actions that I had been greedily devouring, even till the solemn clock had struck one.

“ And now the time for *Bedfordshire* drew on ;
 “ And now the cloyster'd bat had ta'en her flight
 “ And to black *Hecate's* summons
 “ The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hum
 “ Had rung night's yawning peal”——

When

When going to extinguish my candle, and seeing the alteration of the colour of its flame, I could not help saying,

“How blue this taper burns!”

When lo! looking accidentally in the room, I was as one thunderstruck. A figure clad in scarlet, with a truncheon in his hand, with looks erect, and bold demeanour, presented itself. An awful being from the invisible realms burst into my apartment *. A spirit passed before my face. Astonishment seized me. My bones shivered within me. My flesh trembled all over me. My lips quaked. My mouth opened. My hands expanded. My knees knocked together. “My blood grew chilly, and I froze with horror.” Sudden and unexpected was the appearance of the phantom; but not such its departure. It stood still, to present itself more fully to my view. It made a solemn pause, as if preparing my mind for some momentous message. O how oppressed with fear, and rivetted with awe was I!—But collecting all my scattered spirits, re-inthroning my deposed reason, and calling my utmost resolution to my aid, I faintly pronounced,

“What would thy gracious figure?”

* Vid. Mr. Harvey's Contemplations on the Night, p. 74.
After

After which a voice was heard. A voice, for the *importance* of its meaning, worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance; for the *solemnity* of its delivery, enough to alarm a heart of stone. *It spoke*, and this was the PURPORT of its words.

“ I am great VERNON’S ghost ;
 “ Doom’d for a certain time to walk the earth,
 “ And for the day, confin’d to fast in fires,
 “ Till the foul crimes done in my days of youth
 “ Are burnt away. And but I am forbid
 “ To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 “ I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 “ Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
 blood,
 “ Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
 spheres,
 “ Thy knotty and combined locks to part
 “ And each particular hair to stand an end
 “ Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;
 “ But this eternal blazon must not be
 “ To ears of flesh and blood: list then ! oh list ! ”

If e’er thou didst the *British* name regard,
 If *Vernon*’s fame e’er warm’d thy youthful breast,
 Or *Vernon*’s courage ever fir’d thy soul,
 O ! then proclaim his rising from the grave,
 Where his poor bones were quietly interr’d,

To sound, (oh hateful task!) *Old England's* shame.
Old England, that was erst the world's just pride!
 The seat of honour! the fix'd throne of truth!
 Fair virtue's friend, and glory's brightest shield!
 Celestial freedom's guardian and support!
 The nurse of heroes, and delight of gods!
 But ah! how chang'd! how fall'n from thy
 heighth!

Thy tow'ring heighth of splendor and renown!
 How diff'rent to thy once triumphant state!
 And what a mournful contrast dost thou shew!
 Thy honour now is sunk into the dust;
 Thy godlike virtue chang'd to blackest vice,
 Thy grandeur metamorphos'd into shame;
 Thy noble courage sunk to pale-ey'd fear;
 Thy freedom, godlike sound! at its last gasp:
 And shame to think, and torture to pronounce,
 Thy *naval glory* by thy sons betray'd,
 Betray'd to infamy, contempt, and shame:
 The shame of villains, and contempt of fools;
 The scorn of cowards, and the jest of slaves;
 The jest of *Gallic* slaves, who from thy ruin
 Erect a superstructure, to affright
 The trembling world, and awe most distant
 realms.

From thy sad fall proud *Gallia* builds her fame!
 And as th'industrious bee extracts the sweets

From

From diff'rent flow'rs; so from each nation,

France

Culls forth its choicest treasures, to adorn
Her new-rai'd glory, and to bless her friends.

A conduct that extorts from foes applause!

But see the sad reverse in *Britain's* isle!

Behold the *British* lion is inchain'd!

Inchain'd! by whom?---Not by his foes but
friends;

Or rather say, by his *domestic* foes.

Oh melancholy thought! oh dreadful sight!

England that erst reveng'd each lawless act,

That punish'd and redress'd where justice call'd,

Each injur'd realm's asylum and resort,

The friend of truth, and terror of the guilty,

Is now become the laughing-stock of all.

She leaves religion to great *Fred'rick's* care,

Content to let the godlike hero fight

For justice, freedom, liberty and laws,

While she inactive stands and views the strife.

But see each *British* heart elate with hope!

Upon each dimpled cheek see joy reside!

And floods of gladness deluge ev'ry soul.

Hear triumphs, vict'ries, ev'ry where proclaim'd,

By men, boys, girls, maids, widows, wives and
wh—s.

Have *Britons* conquer'd then their treach'rous
foes?

C

Has

Destroy'd by those who triumph in thy fall.
 Shame and dishonour still attend thy acts,
 Reign in thy councils, and pursue thy camps.
 Thy noble antient fame by me restor'd,
 Is now extinct and lost. Rank cowards sit
 And lord it in the seat of honour's sons,
 Who when their country call'd would nobly act,
 Rush to the fight and fly upon the foe.
 The slaves of vice usurp fair virtue's throne,
 Great villains fatten while the less ones starve,
 Injustice stalks at large, contention reigns,
 And antient *chaos* is return'd again.
 A scene so dreadful who can calmly see ?
 A scene so dreadful who can calmly hear ?
 A scene so sad, what *Briton* does not feel ?
 Already had this dreadful horrid scene,
 So fraught with poison, misery and woe,
 Determin'd me to visit *Albion's* isle,
 To see if any virtue still remain'd,
 Among the relicts of her hapless sons ;
 But when (oh hated name, and utmost pain to
 speak !
 Misery most poignant, pain oh how acute !)
 The *secret expedition* was the theme
 Of ev'ry pen and subject of each tongue ;
 When ev'ry *Briton* blest'd the great design,
 And thought their country would at length be
 freed

From all her load of complicated woe ;
 When this *hard labour* only form'd a *mouse*,
 A little mouse t' excite all nation's mirth,
 I found it hard to rest within my tomb ;
 But when the actors of this *bloodless scene*,
 Return'd in safety to their native land
 Uninjur'd, unmolested, nay scarce blam'd,
 'Twas then my sacred bones, inclos'd in earth,
 Quick broke their cearments, " and the sepulchre
 " Then open'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 " To set me forth again." For oh ! 'twas this,
 'Twas this alone could rouse me from my grave,
 'Twas only this could force me from my bed
 Where I in silence slept. And now I'm come
 To warn *Britannia* to revenge her wrongs.
 Already proud, ambitious, treach'rous *France*
 " Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
 " Mankind grown thin by her destructive sword,
 " Should she go further, numbers would be
 wanting,
 " To form new battles, and support her crimes."
 Rouse then ye *Britons* from your bed of sloth !
 Rouse and revenge your injur'd country's wrongs.
 'Tis honour calls, 'tis freedom now exhorts,
 And godlike liberty is now at stake.
 Point then your hollow engines tow'rd the foe ;
 Gird on your falchions, rear the glitt'ring spear,
 And let the trumpets clangour sound revenge.

Re-

Revenge ! revenge ! the much-wrong'd merchant
cries ;

Revenge now sparkles from our fair ones eyes ;

Revenge is loudly threatned by each friend

Of liberty and *Britain*. But behold,

Behold (oh hateful object, baneful view)

While the stout tar now longing for the fight,

Now waiting for the thund'ring cannon's roar,

Now panting for the pleasing dreadful concert,

And only waiting for the welcome words

To arms, to arms. “ Consult your safety lads,

“ Hurt not your monarch's ships, their leaders
cry.”

More should I speak of *Albion's* wretched state,

More should I speak of her degen'rate sons,

But lo ! the cock proclaims th' approach of morn,

And summons me away to that dread place,

“ From whose fix'd bourn no traveller returns.”

Quick then declare my rising from the grave,

T' infuse my courage in each *British* heart :

Tell them that unembodied beings feel

The happiness or misery their country feels.

Proclaim aloud, that if *Britannia's* sons

Would see their commerce smile, their freedom
last,

Their antient glory be again reviv'd,

Each manly virtue bloom with native grace,

And

And all the sister arts adorn their isle,
 They must reform their conduct, and still walk
 In wisdom and in virtue's hallow'd path.
 The brave must be preferr'd to honour's seat,
 The honest must preside at wealth's great board,
 The wise and prudent must in senate sit,
 And virtue honour'd tho' in homely garb.
 Cowards must meet the fate which justice calls
 for,

Tho' heirs to thousands, or of kin to kings.
 Knaves must be hurl'd from places of high trust,
 Tho' screen'd by power, or lov'd by royal blood.
 Ideots must be expell'd from wisdom's throne,
 And *yea and no men* must be all displac'd.
 All vice and villainy must be abhorr'd,
 Tho' gilt with riches, or with titles grac'd.
 "And little rogues must not submit to fate,
 "That great ones may enjoy the world in state,"
 But in one string, one strong and mighty string,
 The great and little must together swing.
 And now farewell! Still of poor *Vernon* think
 His country's guardian, patriot, lover, friend.
 While he was living, thou admir'dst his fame,
 Obey'd his voice, and still didst speak his praise.
 Oh then remember what he now has said,
 And carefully obey him, now he's dead.

Ending

Ending here—the martial figure now dissolved away, like icicles of snow before the genial sun, and left me in a state of *sacred terror*. I could scarce believe my eyes or ears; and verily thought I had been in a dream, and that it was all a delusion which lively fancy had brought to my imagination: but pinching myself to know with certainty whether it was so or not, I did it so violently, that I roared out for mere anguish. Convinced then, that it was no work of the brain, but a *real Ghost*; and the solemn injunction which he concluded with, still ringing in my ears, I immediately *transcribed* the speech as near as I could in his very words; though I am conscious, I have lost much of the beauty and elegance of the original. But if I have given the true sense of it, tho' the style and metre may be a little uncouth, owing to my being scrupulously, perhaps needlessly exact, in not since altering a single syllable of it, by way of emendation, revision or correction, I apprehend I merit some thanks, since the exhortation he has given to the people of *England*, could proceed from no one but such as has their true interest and real happiness at heart. But if in spite of reason and prudence, in spite of warning ghosts, and *living monitors*, they will not follow those rules which are pointed out for their good, but still continue
wal-

wallowing in wickedness and debauchery, profaneness and villainy, then may we truly and literally say, that they are unhappily so far abandoned, "*that they will not reform and believe though one rose from the dead.*"

F I N I S.



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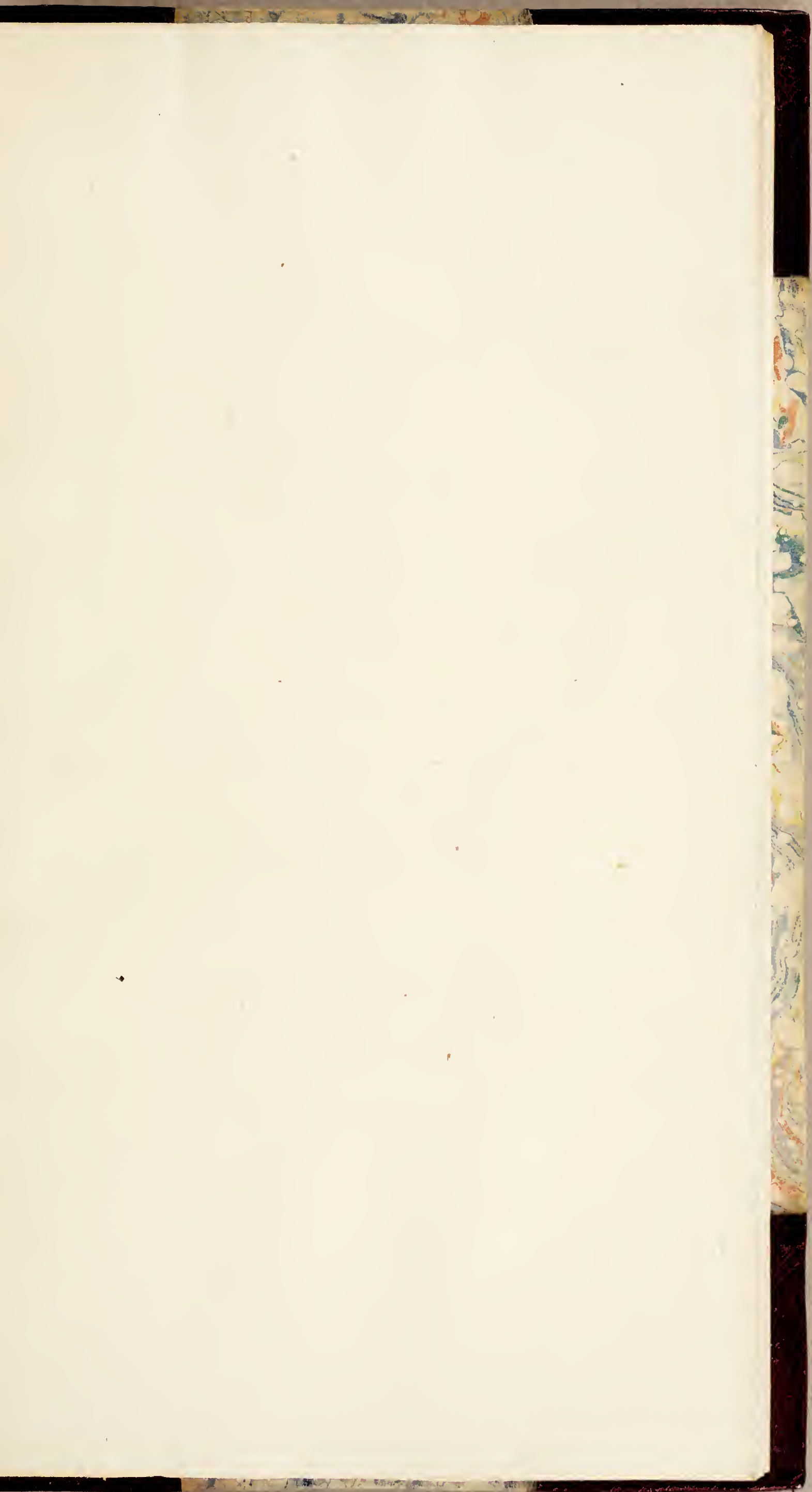
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